

Tom BRUPE Arrested by the Devil:

A True and Wonderful Relation,
How the DEVIL met him on Ludgate-hill, with the Dis-
course that happen'd between them, at the Wonder-Tavern;
but also of several Tragical Misfortunes which happen'd to their
and their Friends, and the Extraordinary Adventures
which follow'd, and ending with the Death of the said Tom.

MY Friend, the Poet, having been at the Wonder-Tavern on Ludgate-hill among some Brablers, his intimate Friends, who were to pay the
Bill for him, and for the other Poets, who were to pay the Bill for them,
he was drinking for some time, and being somewhat
of his usual custom, very Drunk, after his escape from the Watch, fell into the Hands
of a certain Gentleman (supposed to be the Devil) in black Cloaths, a long black
Wig, a Star upon his Hat, (which reach'd all a low that it hinder'd a Discovery, which
otherwise would have happen'd to a Sobber Person, by revealing his Cloven Foot.)
The said Gentleman, says Mr. Devil, (the other Gentleman is full a under that Denom-
ination.) Well met. I could have wish'd I had happen'd on you just now, for I have
just left Mr. Darby, and some more of your Acquaintance. Excuse me Sir, said Tom,
(thinking him to be his Landlord, Taylor, or some Bookfeller he had broken.) I
don't know you. Nor me Sir, (cry'd Devil.) I am sure you have bid as fair for my
Conversation as any Person living, and therefore we must have one Plot. And al-
ter having promis'd to discharge his Reasonings in his House, he led him to the Wonder-
Tavern within the Gate. Tom, as soon as the Drawer had shew'd the Room, not
doubting but his own Landlord was to be the Keeper of the Chamber, cry'd,
Dear Sir, oblige me to sit in the next room, where I am a Friend. He, he, said
the Person who Accompanied him, now could I split my Diabolical sides, were it decent
for a Devil to laugh; In short Sir, I am Beelzebub, Lucifer, or any thing else you
Poets are pleas'd to call me, and am come to put you in mind of a certain debt
I owe you, who not long since, had borrow'd Three Pence a piece (their whole
Days Wages) of Beelzebub's and Lucifer's Devils, who are sort of Turn-pikes be-
longing to the Cookery of the Poets, thought the Superintendent had come in
Vindication of em, and down He flung an Ode of Virgil and an Epigram of Martial
just Englisht for a Pawn. Sir, said Mr. Devil, I perceive you ha't that knowledge
of me, as one would think you might have had, by your offering me the refuse of
the last Visualer you were at for your last Plot of Purl, therefore I am oblig'd to re-
fresh your Memory by acquainting you, that Dr. O. and the Poets have pre-
vail'd on me to be their assistant in revenging the Abuses you have put upon
them.

And I must tell you after all, that you have abus'd our Friend Dr. Oates very scur-
rulously, Lampooning with him the old Story of Buggery, and sundry other matters
ridiculously offer'd, and at last very indifferently made out; And I must also be
free in telling you what I am concern'd upon his Account, because he has a consi-
derable Friendship with all our Society, and therefore I demand a positive Satis-
faction. On the Word of a Poet, (said Tom) I do not very well understand your

meaning, but if it be only a Business of Execution, the Devil who gave Bail for me at the Sessions House, about my Suit against the *Black King*, will do it now: And surely you'll not pretend to think *Roger Cleave*, and *Abel Koper*, insufficient Bail for my Action in the Devil's Court. Both Sir, you are quite mistaken, (say the Devil) what I have against you, was Execution, and therefore Sir, I have an end of the Pin, and prepare for a warmer Climate, which will be more proper for a Northern Constitution. Which *Tom* not being very ready to do (the only Time that ever he refus'd taking off his Coat) the Devil was forc'd to put Him in mind of his intended Journey, by a swingeing scratch of his Talons across his Forehead. *Jesu Maria* (said *Tom*) and he had said those words, but away run the Devil without Paying his Reckoning, imagining he was a Papist, and might be in Danger of the *Popish Law*, if He should stay any further Correspondence with him.

Tom Brown being extremely surpris'd at this new and strange Adventure, and the Extraordinary departure of this Black Person, became very sober on a suddain, and Pawning something for his Reckoning, went home, and immediately fell Sick, and lay a fortnight. But the Apothecary bringing *Apagemy*, Sleeping Potions, and other Ingredients proper to appease *Machius*, he at last fell asleep, and after his awaking, his Face was Extremely scarified, as if it had been scartch'd all over, especially his Forehead, as if wounded by the Claws of a Leopard, or some furious Beast.

And because this Relation may appear somewhat odd and surprizing, any Person who desires the Truth of the Matter, may now repair to his Lodgings, at the *Three-Flower Delays* in Long-Acre: where they may be fully satisfied.

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